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THE GRAVE OF THE GIFTED.

A grave for the gifted—where—where shall it be?
By the echoing shore of the hollow-voiced sea!
Oh no, let those ashes at last sink to rest—
Now the strong passion-whirlwinds have died in the west.
For the gifted and beautiful lost one—a grave!
But not in the precincts of Ocean's horrid wave,
Too much of life's tempests and tempests she knew—
Let her sleep 'neath the sky's gracious coverings of dew!
Like a bird from the storm, a swarthy, o'ervorn,
To a nest of repose by the lovely one borne,
Where no loud savage storms shake the still moonlight air.
But the breeze a sweet message from Heaven shall bear!
A grave for the gifted—where—where shall it be?
Where the bright summer-treasures yield wealth to the sea—
Where the faint thrilling voice of some fountain is heard,
And the rich air is rent by Night's passionate bird!
Where old chestnut trees shed a twilight of gloom,
Which doth hallow and mellow the wild flowers' bloom.
Where the fragrant spring-rains dance in joy to earth's breast—
Sweet Earth—with a blossomy richness oppress'd!
Where the richest of roses undimly blow,
More pure and more soft than the unwashed mountain snow—
Where the star light shall tremulously signal the hours—
And throw sudden gleams o'er the wood-bosomed bowers.
Where the sun flower shall burn, and the lily shall bend,
And the acacia its leaves with the willow shall blend,
Oh! the old knightly laurel's illustrious gloom,
Overshadowed her life—be that far from her tomb!
A grave for the gifted! a grave for the young;
Since sealed the pure lips that so thrillingly rung,
But far from the laurel—the tempest the willow—
Where stillness is deepest, there spread ye her pillow.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

NARRATIVE OF THE STATE OF RELIGION.

We invite the attention of our readers to the "Narrative of the State of Religion," in the South Carolina Presbyterian, which will be found below:

NARRATIVE OF THE STATE OF RELIGION.

The Presbytery of South Carolina would present the following Narrative of the State of Religion, within their bounds, to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church: Ourselves, we desire your grace, mercy, and peace, from God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

In taking a view of the state of Religion in the different Churches under our care, we are sorry that we have not more to communicate, which is calculated to encourage our hearts, or cause you to rejoice. It is true, we have been favored, in some degree, with the preaching of the Word. Our Assemblies of worship are generally large; the attention of the people respectful; and the use of means not entirely fruitless. The Sunday School, and Temperance causes, have not been without a salutary influence among us. And we have reason to believe that God has not left himself without a witness, wherever we have been called, as the heralds of the Cross, to declare the glad tidings of salvation.

But, Brethren, there are some things which pain our hearts—when the preaching of the Gospel more arduous—and which have unquestionably impeded the progress of truth and salvation in this, as well as in other parts of the vineyard of our common Lord and Redeemer. You will bear with us, therefore, whilst we unobscure ourselves to you, in Christian affection, and relate to you some of our sorrows, that you may sympathize with us, if no more.

First—The lamentable heresies which have found their way into the Presbyterian Church, (as have been noticed by the "Act and Testimony") offered by the minority of the Assembly at their last meeting, have inflicted a wound upon that branch of the Church of Jesus Christ which will not soon be healed. The existence of these errors, in the most distant branches of our Zion, would be an evil not to be tolerated. But when we find the majority of the General Assembly, the guardian of our doctrines and discipline, winking, to say the least of it, at these errors in doctrine, and innovations in discipline—when we find brethren whom we believe to be sound in the faith, from false delicacy, disposed to be moderate, rather than resist the torrent which is preparing to sweep our borders, and to demolish our ancient and beautiful spiritual edifice, where our fathers worshipped—when we discover that the Confession of Faith, and Book of Discipline of our Church, is assailed with almost as much violence as Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," and that, too, by men who have solemnly sworn that they believe the truths which are contained in that book, and that they will support and defend them: when we witness these things, our hearts are sorrowful. We scarcely know how to speak to our fellow sinners. And, with an anxious desire to see the truth, we are constrained to say, "They have taken away our Lord, and we know not where they have laid him."

Second—The misguided and mistaken zeal which fanaticism in the North have attempted to manifest for the people of color among us, and which has required imprudent encouragement, not perhaps from the General Assembly, but from Synods and Presbyteries of our order, has had a ready, an unhappy effect, and is tending to create, and we fear, unless something is done to prevent this interference, will finally close the door of our usefulness, as Presbyterians, among the colored people.

our population. We look forward with horror to the day, when Presbyterianism will only be another name for Abolition, or Emancipation; as soon as we are evidently disposed to make it. Do not mistake us here, brethren. Do not suppose that this horror anticipated is in consequence of any pecuniary loss which we may sustain by such an event. In view of other and more awful consequences, that is truly a matter of minor, indeed, of no importance. We allude to the misery, and bloodshed which would necessarily follow in the train of such an event—and the total exclusion of any man, professing to be a Presbyterian, from the privilege of preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ, to this people. If brethren, who profess to love the cause of Christ—to love the colored people who are in a state of bondage among us—only know how great an injury they were doing this people, by their untimely, imprudent, injudicious interference—if they could believe that their measures and efforts would ultimately prevent Presbyterians from ever preaching, or instructing our servants in the truths of salvation; we must think they would no longer attempt to mar our peace, by meddling with our civil institutions.

With these errors countenanced by the General Assembly, and the kindling of this match in the North which is preparing to blow up our usefulness among a certain class of our population, it is no strange thing to find, from the statistical reports of the General Assembly, that the increase of our number is less the last, than in former years. It is no strange thing, that ministers of our order are discouraged—that the friends of Jesus Christ, generally, so far as our branch of the Church is concerned, are found without either joy or song.

Brethren, pray for us! That the great head of the Church may be with you, to direct and bless you, in the prayer of your brethren, in the Lord.

By order of the Presbytery,
ANTHONY W. ROSS, Moderator,
S. B. LAWRENCE, Clerk.

From a Cincinnati Paper, of April 25.

Mr. Clayton, who made a Balloon Ascent from this city, on Wednesday, the 6th of April, returned yesterday morning. He has politely furnished us with the following sketch of his trip:

At five o'clock, my departure from the Amphitheatre, which was pretty well filled with spectators, the beauty and fashion of the city, and the cheering sounds of music, and the acclamations of my friends. In a few moments I had a full view of Cincinnati, of Newport, and Covington, and of the thousands of spectators that surrounded the amphitheatre, and covered every point which afforded a favorable opportunity for seeing. I soon arrived at a sufficient altitude to give the spectators a good view of the descent of my parachute, containing a dog of about 30 pounds weight. The parachute, on being liberated from the Car, descended with great velocity for a considerable distance before it spread open. When it opened, its descent was more slow, and, as I watched its course downwards, thought for some time it was falling in the Canal, but at last it passed a little on one side; and I have no doubt it arrived safely upon terra firma. As I ascended, the scene became more extended and diversified, but every object more diminutive. The spectators shrank to Lilliputians, and the horses and carriages on the roads were like the toys of children. The hills around the city, which forms the boundary of one's view when below, sank into the earth, and became on a level with the plain; and far beyond them, amidst the vast woods, I could distinguish numerous towns and cultivated spots. The whole appeared like an extensive map spread at my feet, with every street, and alley, and building, and every improvement plainly marked upon it. Through the centre the Ohio passed, and wound its serpentine course in each direction, until lost in the mist which surrounded the scene, and for a number of miles I could trace the river Licking, the zig-zag course of the Miami Canal, and the turnpikes and different roads branching from the city. At starting, the Barometer stood at 29.3-10 inches, and Thermometer at 72 degrees. The wind carried me East South-East, in the direction of Batavia.

At a quarter after 5, the Barometer stood at 29 inches, and the Thermometer 26 degrees. I began to feel cold, and put on my great coat. At this time I heard a report of a Cannon, and could hear at this height the noise of cattle and the Woodman's axe. About this time I passed over the little Miami River, kept the Ohio River a little to my right, and after descending a little I had a fine view of the town and cultivated spots on each side of me.

A little before six I passed over Batavia, and continued to travel in an East South-East direction. My altitude, at this time, as indicated by the Barometer, was 24 miles. I again felt a little cold; the Thermometer stood at 23 degrees. I sat myself down in the car and took some refreshment. I was now moving delightfully through the air; the little agitation the Balloon received on starting had now ceased, there was not the least rotary or oscillatory motion perceptible; not a ripple in the silk of the Balloon to be seen, and all was perfect silence. I could have almost imagined that I was an inhabitant of a little world of my own, fixed in the immensity of space, and could view at my feet, the earth in motion, revolving on its axis. I felt no unpleasant sensation, no difficulty in breathing, no pain nor swelling in my head, as has been said by some Aeronauts, to be experienced at great altitudes; but I have no doubt, that at the altitude of 34 or 4 miles, owing to the variety of the atmosphere, a difficulty in breathing, and a swelling in the head, is experienced.

and have a monotonous appearance. At 25 minutes after six, I had a fine view of the setting of the Sun; 30 minutes after six I passed over Williamsburg; about 7 o'clock over Georgetown; and, although I was several miles distant from the Ohio river, it appeared but very little to the right of me, and I could distinctly see Augusta and Mayesville, and the towns and farms alongside of the river. A little before 8 o'clock I passed over West Union. The wind was changed a little to the South, about one point, making 8 E. by East. About 9 o'clock I passed a little to the left of Portsmouth; could see plainly the Sciota river and the canal. I was enabled to see the different places over which I passed, by the light of the Moon, and by the lamps and lights in the houses. These lights, which were numerous, and which I could see in every direction in which I turned my eye, formed a field of fiery stars at my feet, and contrasted finely with the brilliant stars that shone in the cloudless hemisphere above me.

A little beyond Portsmouth I had a fine view of the Iron Forge and Furnaces, whose fires illuminated the atmosphere for a number of miles. I could not, by the light of the moon, make any Thermometrical observations, the quicksilver in the tube being so small I could not see its height; but the quicksilver in the Barometer, being of greater volume, I could plainly see it move up and down; and although I could not see the figures on the scale—yet, I could tell when I was at a safe distance from the earth, by the distance that the quicksilver stood above a piece of brass which formed a protection to the Thermometer, immediately alongside of the Barometer. Whenever I felt tired I would seat myself in the bottom of the car, placing the Barometer opposite to me, watch its height, and when I found it rising, would throw out some ballast and counteract its course. Now and then I would look over the car, and notice, particularly, the direction and situation of the water courses which I had in sight nearly the whole of my voyage, and without which I should not have been able to trace my course. Soon after passing the Sciota River, I entered another current of air, which carried me due East, and immediately over Concord. Soon after, I passed into another current, which carried me East North-East, and brought me, at 11 o'clock, nearly up to Gallipolis, a little below which I crossed the Ohio River. On passing into a new current of air, the Balloon was slightly agitated, at which time I would always be, particularly in ascertaining its direction. Soon after crossing the Ohio the Balloon was again agitated, and I found that I had passed from the East North-East current, into another, which carried me South-East, and soon brought me over the Kanawha River, and from the rapidity with which the terrestrial objects appeared to move, I found my rate of travelling had increased. At half after twelve I passed over Charleston, and, in a few minutes I was carried over the Furnaces of the Kanawha Salt Works. I continued this course until I was in sight of the fork formed by Gauley and New Rivers.

While in sight of New River I approached the earth: my ballast was nearly exhausted, and as the place over which I was floating appeared to be an open country, I prepared for a descent. I threw over board my anchor, which, after dragging for a little distance, caught firmly hold of a tree; but on coming close to the top I found to my surprise, that instead of a fine open country, I was in a dense forest, on a considerable elevation. The wind was blowing powerfully, and finding it impossible to break the hold of the anchor, the only way of liberating myself from this situation was to cut away the cable. This I did, and in a short time ascended to an altitude as great as I had previously attained. The cold was intense, but I could not ascertain the height of the Thermometer: I have no doubt it was nearly as low as Zero. I had now lost sight of the water courses, and could see no lights in any direction. I laid myself down in the bottom of the Car, buttoned my coat tightly around me, put on my gloves, covered myself with two blankets, which I had taken as wrappers for the Balloon, drank some brandy, felt comfortable and highly delighted with my novel trip, and in this situation fell fast asleep. I was awakened at last by my Car striking. I immediately sprang on my feet, and in another moment the car was dragging over the tops of the trees. I saw before me a river and I thought some buildings; they appeared but a little distance from me; but I afterwards found they were about four miles off: I attempted to stop my Balloon by clinging to the branches of the trees. Several of them broke; but at last I caught hold of a strong bough, and by clinging with all my strength with one hand, and pulling the valve rope with the other, I was enabled in a short time to draw my Car down the tree several feet, and to secure it by means of a rope. After being confident that I had secured my balloon, I looked at my watch, and found it to be half after 2 o'clock. At this time of the morning I thought it would be useless to go in search of any assistance. I therefore remained in the Car, 40 feet at least from the ground, until day break, and then descended to explore the wilderness in which I had landed.

I could discover no trace of human footstep, no mark of change produced by man. Numerous large trees had been levelled to the ground, but there was no mark of the woodman's axe upon them, they had evidently been uprooted by the hurricane. Perceiving that I was on a mountain and that there was another point still higher, I ascended to the top of it and could perceive in the valley, and in the direction that I had seen the river the previous evening, a cultivated spot. After travelling alongside of a beautiful spring rivulet for about three miles, I found this spot, but had to follow a track of two miles further to get assistance. We conveyed the balloon to the house of Mr. Joseph Graham, a respectable and intelligent farmer, with whom I remained three days, before I could get a conveyance to return. During

my stay at Mr. Graham's, I was visited by great numbers of people from the surrounding country. The spot on which I landed, is the top of the mountain, 3,000 feet (as indicated by the Barometer,) above the level of the sea, and is called Stevenson's Knob, or Stinson's Knob, near Keeney Knob, Monroe county, Virginia, about 4 miles from Green-Brier River, 18 miles from Union, 20 from Louisburg, within sight of the Alleghany Mountains; and at a distance from Cincinnati, according to the route I travelled in the Balloon, of 350 miles, but, according to the usual method of travelling, more than 400 miles, which distance I travelled in 94 hours.

This voyage, I believe, has filled the promise I made in my advertisement, and is the longest voyage, by far, ever performed by any person in a Balloon.

FAIR PLAY.

Mr. Lewis David keeps a very good oyster cellar at the corner of Walnut and Fifth streets, and after the fatigues of the day and evening he carefully looks up his place of business and retires to his house for the night. Some mornings since, Mr. David discovered, or thought he discovered, a diminution of his edibles. The eggs, crabs, oysters, and oysters, fried, roasted, and raw, which he left at night, were not to be found. The next morning it was the same; and at night he determined to be careful; he therefore looked into every recess and corner of his cellar, to see that no one secreted for the purpose of depredation; then he carefully fastened the windows and doubly locked the door, and said to himself with some exultation, "master thief will not tickle his gums with my goodies tonight." In the morning, he repaired early to his cellar—the locks were safe and the windows tight—he descended—and lo! the whole cellar was licked off as clean as were the trenches before the images of Bel and the Dragon. The good man stood astounded—oysters and eggs were not things that "take to themselves wings and fly away," especially when the doors and windows are guarded. Whether, then, had these usually quiet articles withdrawn, and what had at the same time encouraged the thief to a more than usual activity? These were questions more easily asked than answered, and the worthy owner of the establishment began to think that his cellar was haunted. It is true that a friend who heard the intimation of such a fear, exclaimed with a considerable degree of energy, "who ever saw a ghost that ate oysters and eggs?" But, in reply, the poor man demanded of his interrogator, whether he had ever seen a ghost that did not eat them. A thought, however, occurred to Mr. David which seemed likely to lead to an elucidation of the matter. He asked a watchman to go with him, and spend the night in the cellar. This they did, watching carefully for the ingress of any form—when, about daylight, a small head was seen peering through a broken pane of glass at the back part of the cellar, and shortly a small body dropped on the floor, and proceeded to make short work with the comestibles of the place. He left at the broken window a companion, whose dimensions did not allow of a squeeze through a small aperture, or at least he could not trust to its capacity to return after eating. This one, finding the little fellow was taking the cream of the prize, remonstrated against the proceeding: "Stop that," said he, "the steepest ones are mine this morning." Just then, the men in ambush rushed out, seized the little fellow, but the great rogue, as is generally the case, contrived to escape. The lad was handed over to the Mayor, who has, probably, before this time sent him where he will learn better manners than to eat all the stewed oysters.—U. S. Gazette.

A genuine Kentucky—A rough-looking American seaman, whose wild appearance might perfectly justify a Yankee gazetteer in describing him as half alligator, half hyena, or half any thing but a human being, was placed at the bar, charged with having forgotten the lessons on temperance learned in the United States, by getting beastly drunk, on the previous night, and wallowing in the kennel, thereby obstructing the wheels of carts and hackney coaches, and disgracing the American flag. The prisoner, clothed in a capacious frieze wraparound, or great coat, with huge black whiskers, and long lankey hair to match, was introduced to his worship by the watchman, who, in native Irish, said: "This devil-me-care feller, yer worship, I caught last night at half past one this morning, chatting his lodgings, by taking a snooze in the kennel; and so, says I, holla! me friend, this is the king's highway, and I'm the king's representative." "D—n the king," says he, "I could whip his weight in wild cats and yours too—I'm a Kentucky." "Never mind, my swell," says I, "wot you is; I'm a watchman;" and so I whips him to Bridgwell, and here he is to answer the same.

The Mayor to the Prisoner.—What are you?

Prisoner.—(yawning)—I guess I'm a man.—(laughter.)

A Constable.—The Mayor asks what trade you are?

Prisoner.—I calculate I am a genuine Kentucky. (A laugh.)

The Mayor.—What do you say for getting drunk?

Prisoner.—(in a singing tone)—I've a notion that I don't know, but I considers that you must do something for me.

The Mayor.—Have you any money?

Prisoner.—Oh, no, I guess I haven't.

The Mayor.—I think I had better discharge you.

Prisoner.—I think so, too.

The Mayor.—Well, go about your business.

Prisoner.—(staring with his mouth wide open but not offering to go.)

The Mayor.—Why don't you go?

Prisoner.—Oh yes, (laughter.) Exit, with a hop, step, and a jump.—(laughter.)

A Busy Editor.—The Editor of the Camden (S. C.) Journal has better right, probably, to use the personal

pronoun plural than almost any other member of the newspaper brotherhood; for his readers are much more numerous than those of that venerable gentleman, the celebrated Caleb Quackenbush. In the first place, he is high Sheriff of the district, and of course has not only to serve "sum pro" upon his subordinates, but to hang them as occasion may require, though that portion of his duties he will never be called upon to execute, we trust; for they are among the best even of South Carolina's citizens. In the next place, he is a merchant, and buys cotton and bacon. Thirdly, he is an auctioneer, and knocks down indiscriminately in all directions; in which capacity he has the advantage of a certain predecessor of his, who used sometimes to get knocked down himself, but who generally left off about square with the world in the matter of any blow. Fourthly, but not lastly, he is "commissioner of locations," which, we take it, is a pretty important office, since it implies the privilege of going where a man pleases. Then, again, he is agent of an Insurance Company, and representative of Sunday Schools. Now, if a man holds all these offices, and does others, "two inches to mention," together with the editorship of a newspaper, has not the right to say "We" in his multifarious capacity elsewhere, we should like to know who the deuce has. The editor apologized a short time since for lack of original matter, as it was "return day," and instead of frustrating his readers with his pen, he was taking some of them leisurely into custody by authority of the State of South Carolina. These several titles, in a very minute old gentleman of that name, who stands very much upon his punctilio, and when the Sheriff happens to be the bearer of one of his cards, there is no such thing as not being "at home." The editor, therefore, makes a perfectly legitimate excuse. It is gratifying, too, to find editorial services so properly appreciated as they appear to be, now-a-days, in good old North Carolina. Your editors in that country, were most willing, to be content with the dignity of fourth correspondents, and never aspire to say thing more elevated than, "Orderly Foreman of a most disorderly squad of unprincipled and unmanageable wags, sometimes called poor exiles, and at times of extraordinary distinction, the 'barrenest best.'" It is gratifying, also, to see the Journal man promoted in that civil department as well as the military; for the multi here either did injustice to the Sheriff's firmness, or, as the columns of that paper were not always open to civil a just as they might have been. At present, however, the conduct of the Journal is generally good in all his capacities. That he is an excellent editor, a good merchant, agent, auctioneer, &c., &c., we have the least reason to doubt, because he is in all respects an excellent fellow; and that he is a good editor, is manifested by his paper; for it is conducted with a spirit, tact, and good sense very rarely found at the desk of an inland establishment like that; and we have only to express the hope that he may find more room and freer scope in his editorial path than fall to the lot of those who spend the best years of their lives in this endeavor to benefit the public as editors of a newspaper.

From the Vermont Phoenix.

SUDDEN DEATH BY POISON.

Died, at Vermont, on the 2nd inst. Miss Mary, daughter of Capt. Elijah Stebbins, aged 20 years. This interesting young lady, the day previous to her death, was in good health, and at dinner manifested her usual cheerful and pleasant manner. Some time after—how soon it is determined, as no attention was paid to the clock—her mother observed a glassful of water on Mary's countenance, and asked if she was unwell. Mary readily replied, "I do feel sick, and perhaps I have eaten too much rich food." She soon became much distressed, attended with distressing, violent retchings, and occasional spasms; and, on further inquiry by her mother respecting the cause of her acute and alarming distress, Mary recollected and readily stated, that, during her walk she had picked some pods of Apple Pears, and had eaten some of the seeds, which were discovered in the contents of the stomach, spontaneously ejected. During these scenes, her uncle Geo. R. Stebbins came in, and joined her mother in stating to her, her imminent danger. Her father being absent on business, the uncle went in haste for a physician. The Doctor being at that time over the river, could not be obtained till 6 o'clock P. M.

At that time she was in agonizing distress—unable to speak—eyes red, and charged with blood—pupils much dilated—a petechial eruption over the surface resembling a highly marked case of spotted fever—almost perfect loss of muscular motion, and general stupor—the stomach and bowels not excitable by large and repeated doses of emetics, cathartics and enemata—extremities, surface, and breath cold—intense thirst, but on any attempts to swallow, the organs of deglutition were thrown into spasms resembling hydrophobia—great difficulty of breathing—in fine, her appearance was that of agony. Although apparently waiting for relief, it was very difficult for her to swallow any thing. Sometimes in the latter part of the night she had a short lucid interval, during which she, with much difficulty, and in a hurried manner, talked some, the powers of locomotion appeared returning—She inquired of the doctor, "Do you think me dangerously sick?"—and being answered in the affirmative, she rejoined, "Do you think there is any chance for my recovery?" She said she should be glad to drink and take remedies, but that when she tried to swallow she felt as if choking to death.

She passed affectionate moments with her parents and sisters present. A little before 9 in the morning, she sunk again into paralytic stupor, and for more than four hours manifested no sensation or motion, except from deep and laborious respiration, till death closed the scene at 10 o'clock A. M., April 2d.

Apple Pears. Thorn Apple, sometimes called Sweet and Wood, or, botanically, Stramonium, is a powerful narcotic. When swallowed, it produces nausea and distress, even in small doses; but if the quantity be large it brings on great prostration of strength, loss of muscular power, insensibility of the retina dilated pupils, tremulous headache, delirium, and sometimes convulsions come, and death. The powdered leaves or seed tract, are sometimes given to induce a griping; the seeds of the Thorn Apple are considered more powerful than the rest of the plant, and maybe given in half or two thirds the dose.

A Searching Operation. Billy my day where have you been at this time of night, what your shirt turned wrong about there?—Don't tell that!—Don't tell to an Aunt, where a mile has got pocket book, and they had the doors and windows all from head to foot, they had the doors and windows all from head to foot, they had the doors and windows all from head to foot.

A Searching Operation. Billy my day where have you been at this time of night, what your shirt turned wrong about there?—Don't tell that!—Don't tell to an Aunt, where a mile has got pocket book, and they had the doors and windows all from head to foot, they had the doors and windows all from head to foot, they had the doors and windows all from head to foot.

We did not receive the proceedings of the Mecklenburg Celebration in time for this week's paper. They shall appear in our next, as also the names of the Rowan Committee.

JUDGE WHITE.

The style in which Judge White is denounced by the Van Buren papers, is a little of the bitterest—every Tennessee is now excommunicated from the Church of the "real democratic party," and lashed and lampooned without mercy. It is expected that the Georgia Caucus will appoint a COURT MARTIAL, to try Judge White for Treason against the "Democratic party." One of the strongest proofs against him, is that he is supported by the "Panic Bank Whigs," as Philo White every week writes it, and by the awful "Nathaniel." No doubt they will find him guilty, and will order him to be strangled alive by the "silly promises" in New York, which obey the word of command. But we hope that Judge White will not be discouraged. He should take heart from the fact that, if the CAUCUS, be against him, the PEOPLE are for him.

North Carolina in the Baltimore Caucus.—The following are the names of the individuals who are attending the Caucus in Baltimore as delegates from North Carolina, viz: Robert Strange, R. M. Saunders, Josiah O. Watson, Philo White, James Rainey, John D. Hoke, Henry Fitts, Henry Bunt, Daniel Turner, John H. Wheeler, (Obadiah Brown's son-in-law), John J. Lockhart, Alfred M. Slade, Wm. P. Ferrall—just a baker's dozen of them. From the City of Baltimore, alone, there are about 40 delegates.

It would seem that the Hon. Bedford Brown, has been out from going to the Caucus; without doubt he feels a little squally at the manner in which things are going in North Carolina.

We did not intend any injustice to the Town of Camden, or to the good-natured, "busy" soul of the Journal, by the manner in which we quoted his "remarks on the Cotton Market," some weeks since, and of which he complains. We have not the paper at hand containing his remarks, but think there was something to qualify our adding "market dull," if, indeed, it was ours. But the paragraph from the Observer was given more as the remarks of the editor of that paper than our own. We will take this occasion, however, to say that Camden usually affords as good, or better prices for Cotton and other produce, than any other market to which our farmers trade.

Cold Spring.—The present Spring, thus far, has been the coldest that has occurred for many years in this section of country. Owing to this, the crops are extremely backward; Wheat looks indifferent, Corn not good, and the prospect of Cotton is worse still. Owing to the cold and wet, the stand of Cotton, in many places, has been uncommonly bad. If frost should set in early this Fall, the cotton crop in this part of North Carolina will be even worse than it was the last year. All this helps to dissatisfy our farmers with their condition, and will continue to swell that tide of emigration which is now bearing off to Mississippi such crowds of our people.

Ohio.—The Governor of Ohio has called together the Legislature of that State, to meet at Columbus on the 8th of June. The business to be considered is the dispute between that State and Michigan, about their boundary line. This dispute has nearly brought on a war between the two contending parties. We hope it will be settled without bloodshed.

Episcopal Convention.—The Annual Convention of the Episcopal Church is now in session in Philadelphia. The Rt. Rev. Bishop White presides over its deliberations, it being the 51st time that he has officiated in that capacity.

The Episcopal Convention for North Carolina meets in Hillsborough on the 4th of June.

We see, in the Nashville, Tenn., papers the proceedings of one of the largest meetings, said to be, that was ever assembled in Nashville. Judge White was unanimously nominated for the Presidency. So Gen. Jackson's famous Gwin letter of dictation has failed of the desired effect in the very neighborhood of the Hermitage. Alas! "the sceptre has departed from Judah."

Conviction for Negro Stealing.—At the Superior Court of Ireland county, week before last, a man by the name of Mowberry was convicted for negro stealing, and sentenced to be hanged on the 19th day of June.

Ex-Speaker Stevenson has got an appointment at last; he was chosen President of the grand CAUCUS which met in Baltimore to nominate Van Buren for President of the United States. The only drawback is, that there is no salary attached to it.

Several large manufacturing establishments at Paterson, in New Jersey, have recently been destroyed by fire.

"The Crisis."—The following article, from the Boston Atlas, does not look much like going over to Van Buren. The Atlas is one of the ablest papers published in New England; and we give this extract to let our Southern Whigs see the spirit of a Northern Whig:

"The Crisis.—It is beyond all doubt, that the moment is at hand, when it is to be decided whether there is to be longer an honest, well-principled, and persevering opposition to Jacksonism and Van Burenism, or whether the Constitution and Government of the country are to be surrendered, by good men, to whatever fortune may betide them. We call on the Whig Press to look this crisis manfully in the face, and to be prepared to meet it. We call on those who address the public, through the most important of all the means of communication, and whose duty it is to present things fairly, as they come to their knowledge, to lay before the Whigs, the real patriots, the constitutional friends of the country, the true and real state of the case. The great body of the Whigs are all right and all ready. They are disposed to surrender nothing, to compromise nothing, but to hold on to principle to the last. But we are compelled to say that some of the fearful, the deplorable, or the time-serving, are likely to do great harm to the cause."

Be it ever remembered, that the Whigs stand on constitutional principles. The bond of this union is not selfishness, avarice, or the love of office. Their bond is American patriotism; and if this bond shall be broken by those who would beguile and huckster with one of the other of the two parties, the whole cause of patriotism and the country is inevitably ruined. We suggest this most earnestly to all the Whigs in the Middle and Northern States; and we invite them to resist on the Unionist disunionism and paralysis threatened by any insinuation of a purpose to compromise the side of the Jacksonian. We fully believe that the Connecticut Election was lost by this course alone. Our friends in that State, we must think, put off a decisive course too long, and thereby left room for

the friends of one of the Jackson candidates to hope, and for genuine and determined Whigs to fear, that some ill-considered notion of expediency might lead to a design of giving that State to some other than a Whig nomination. An apprehension of this kind will be fatal as death every where to the cause of the constitution and the country. Again, we say, therefore, to the Whig Press of the Northern and Middle States—look to it—and act, in this crisis, as becomes vigilant sentinels on the watch tower of Liberty.

Letter of the Hon. Bedford Brown, to the Committee of Invitation of the Rowan Public Meeting.

CARROLL, N. C., 14th May, 1835.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 4th inst., inviting me to attend a Public Meeting of the citizens of Rowan to be held on the 18th of this month, in the town of Salisbury, the object of which is, as you inform me, "to consult together on the present condition of the country."

I regret that it will not be convenient for me to leave home at this time, which will prevent me from availing myself of your polite invitation to participate in the deliberations of the proposed meeting. Permit me, however, to avail myself of this occasion to express my sincere gratification at the almost unexampled prosperity which is so happily visible in "the present condition of the country."

Recently emerged, as our country has, from a political contest in which it had to encounter the most powerfully concerted and strongly organized assaults on its credit, its commerce, and its agriculture, directed by a powerful moneyed institution, it is a subject of the most sincere satisfaction, that it has come out of that contest, not as many patriotic citizens feared it would, with industry prostrated, and a depreciated currency, but, happily, with results the very reverse—an improved currency and increased resources.

In my opinion, to result in the history of the civil administration of our Government, is to be more highly appreciated than this. It has taught the invaluable lesson, that the spirit of freedom, which has at all times pervaded our country, is unconquered and unconquerable.

It has most signally and impressively rebuked those who, forgetful of the nature of our free institutions, would endeavor to control the country, over government, and the public will by means of incorporated moneyed powers—and it has established our republican system of government, as I most sincerely believe, on a still more enduring basis than ever.

Entertaining these views, as to the "present condition of the country," I will add, that I see in it much to animate the hopes of the lover of constitutional liberty, every thing to encourage us in a devoted attachment to the Union, and nothing to induce us to look with diminished confidence on a government which has produced so many blessings to the American People, and which, I trust, is destined to continue those blessings to the remotest posterity.

I beg you, Gentlemen, to convey to those of my fellow-citizens whom you represent on this occasion, my most respectful acknowledgments, and accept, yourselves, assurances of my high respect.

To Messrs. Burton Craig, Thomas G. Polk, Charles Fisher, H. C. Jones, John Clement, John Beard, Junr., and R. H. Alexander, Committee of Invitation.

[FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.]

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, May Term, 1835.

The resignation of Maj. John Beard, as County Treasurer, was read and ordered to be entered on the minutes. Whereupon, the Court adopted the following Resolutions:

Resolved, Unanimously, that the thanks of the magistrates of Rowan County, in session assembled, be, and they are hereby, tendered to Maj. John Beard, for the faithful, upright, and regular manner in which he has managed the Treasury of this County, ever since he came into office in the year 1826; and that the Senate regret very much the loss of his services in the office, and still more that he finds it necessary to remove from among us.

Resolved, That we recommend him to the confidence and friendship of the people with whom it may hereafter be his fortune to live, as a man of business qualifications, and of unimpeachable integrity.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the Court make out, under the seal of this office, a fair copy of these proceedings, and transmit the same to Maj. John Beard; also, that he cause the same to be published in the Western Carolinian, and in the Carolina Watchman.

[FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.]

MANUEL LABOUR SCHOOL OF THE CONCORD PRESBYTERY.

We presume that a brief detail of the past history and present state of this institution will be gratifying to the Presbyterian public. At the session of Presbytery, held at Prospect Church, in March of the present year, the first Presbyterian steps were taken in this matter. It was then resolved that we would make the effort, forthwith, to build up an institution of this sort; and a Committee was appointed to select a location, and report at an adjourned meeting of the Presbytery, to be held at Rocky River Church, in the latter part of April succeeding.

Agreeably to order, the Committee appeared in Presbytery, and reported, that they had looked at several plantations within the limits prescribed to them, (a semicircle with a radius of fifteen miles, to the east of Beatties Ford), but were unable to agree in recommending any one to the Presbytery. Whereupon, the Committee were discharged, and another, composed of Rev. Messrs. Walter S. Pharr, R. H. Morrison, P. J. Sparrow, Col. William S. Allison, and William Davidson, Esq., appointed in their stead, with the following instructions:

1. To select and secure a location for the school.
2. To appoint an agent or agents, to visit the churches and take subscriptions in behalf of this institution.
3. To appoint a Building Committee, whose business it shall be, as soon as the subscriptions will warrant it, to prepare materials for the building.
On Wednesday, 13th of May, agreeably to appointment, the Committee met at the house of William S. Davidson, Esq., and spent the day in viewing land for a location. At candle-light, after solemn and special prayer to Almighty God for the aid of his grace, they entered upon their deliberations.

1. They selected for the location of the institution, a tract of land lying partly in Mecklenburg, and partly in Ireland, a few miles to the west of Beatties Ford. The situation is healthy, the neighborhood agreeable and moral, and at a distance from all means of dissipation. The tract of land contains 400 Acres. It lies low, and about 200 acres of it is superior land, the remainder is of about middling quality. There is a considerable quantity of meadow land belonging to it; and there is on it a peach orchard of 1000 handsome young trees. For the whole we have agreed to give 1521 Dollars, and Mr. Davidson, the gentleman from whom we have made the purchase, has obligated himself to make up a title when it shall be called for. Justice requires that mention should be made of the very liberal terms on which Mr. Davidson let us have the land. It is the opinion of the Committee that the plantation is worth at least, \$2,500 Dollars.

2. The Committee appointed two agents: Messrs. R. H. Morrison and P. J. Sparrow. Mr. Morrison's field of operation embraces Mecklenburg, Cabarrus, and Lincoln—Mr. Sparrow's, Rowan, Iredell, and Burke.

3. The following gentlemen were appointed a Building Committee: Rev. John Williamson, Col. William S. Allison, William L. Davidson, John D. Graham, and Robert Potts, Esq.

We must not omit to mention, that the most entire unanimity characterized all the deliberations of the Committee.

The following leading features of the institution were agreed upon at the last session of Presbytery.

1. The institution shall be under the control and direction of the Concord Presbytery.

2. The great and leading object shall be, the education of young men for the Gospel Ministry, and of extending the means of education more generally among all classes of the community.

3. Its privileges shall be accessible to persons of all religious denominations, of good moral characters.

4. The Bible contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, shall constitute the supreme rule of control in all the regulations of this institution.

5. For the promotion of health, and to diminish the expenses of education, all the students who shall enter this institution shall be required to perform manual labor, agricultural or mechanical, in the manner, and to the extent, deemed proper and necessary by its directors.

6. This institution is designed to afford the competent means for the acquisition of an accomplished classical education.

Such is a plain statement of what has been done in this matter. We have now arrived at the point where we must have the assistance of all the friends of our Presbyterian Zion. The question for each one now to determine is—not what should others do, but, what shall I do? On us collectively, and individually, is thrown the responsibility of saying whether this institution shall rise or not. We have never been called to determine a more important question. It involves, as we think, these other questions—Shall the Presbyterian Church continue to exist and flourish in Western North Carolina? or shall it dwindle away until it becomes utterly extinct? Brethren, take this question with you to a Throne of Grace, and there determine it. We cannot, for a moment, doubt to what determination you will arrive. Presbyterians, who stand amongst the foremost in every benevolent enterprise of the day, cannot but act liberally, and aright, towards an object so vitally connected with the well-being of their country, and their own beloved Church.

ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

The following papers are respectfully requested to give the above an insertion: Carolina Watchman, Southern Religious Telegraph, Raleigh Register, Miners and Farmers' Journal, and North Carolina Spectator.

[FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.]

TO THE ADMINISTRATION MAJORITY IN THE LAST GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

GENTLEMEN: As the second Thursday in August is not far distant, and as no doubt many of you will be Candidates for re-election, you will of course feel it to be incumbent on you to satisfy your constituents that your actions and doings, as their Representatives, have been such as to merit a renewal of their confidence. But you have learned, by experience, that in these degenerate times, when true republicanism seems to be on the wane, much may be expected from a good stump speech; and that, in spite of schools and newspapers, the very good people, the very sweet people, the very genuine people, may be flattered, cajoled, and completely drilled, at pleasure, by those who, whether they are heretofore been Federalists or Republicans, now declare themselves for Gen. Jackson, who, let his words and actions be what they may, these good folks will have to be a Republic of the genuine stamp. Why so? Because he taught the Indians and the British; and because, in his Messages, Vetoes, and Speeches, he seldom fails to flatter the dear creatures himself.

It has been the practice among princes and rulers, when they discovered their popularity to be in danger, to draw the attention of the people from their faults, and fix it upon some foreign subject upon which all the people were likely to unite, such as war, &c., and it may be politic for you to adopt a similar expedient. But, as you cannot resort to things abroad, you must continue to excite the people by something at home, and probably the convention-law, or the good or bad effects expected to result from the proposed changes of the Constitution of the State, may answer your purpose. For if you are conscious any act of yours, which you have found, on returning home, is not quite so popular as you expected—for instance, Potts's Resolutions, then your business will be to smother that affair, by changing the subject whenever it is mentioned. It is to be feared, however, that the people, good natured souls as they are, will not let you off quite so easy in this case; they see that your instructing resolutions were intended to drive Judge Mangum from the Senate of the United States. But why did you not include Senator Brown in this Resolution? Were you sure, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that he would vote to expunge without instructions? It is certainly true that, judging from the past, you had little to fear on that score; but acting, as you did in this case, in the character of Representatives of the people, and attaching to the affair so much importance as you pretended to do, you should have closed the door even against remote possibilities. We must take it for granted, therefore, that you knew to a certainty that Mr. Brown needed no such prompting. That this was the case, may be further inferred, from the inordinate zeal you manifested for the continuance of his Senatorial services; for you scarcely had four days' view at the Capitol before you elected him for another term, whereas, if there was another thing you appeared to have in view, you intended to cast an obliquity on the political course of Judge Mangum, and contradicting him from that of Mr. Brown. It is, therefore, too plain that you intended to exhibit Judge Mangum before the public, because his high talents and unflinching firmness stood in the way of your party.

But Judge Mangum was sensible that the independence of the States depended upon the independence of the Senate of the United States, and he baffled the storm. The shame you aimed at him rebounded upon yourselves, and the honor of the State was preserved. But what did your instructions require of Judge Mangum? This question is easily answered; they placed before him the insulting alternative, either to swear back and vote against what he had voted for, or resign. This was the sum of the whole plot. This proceeding has the appearance of persecution in its work form, and it will devolve upon you to satisfy the people that it is not so in fact, for they will certainly say, "If you had little to fear on that score, why did you, in this case, in the character of Representatives of the people, and attaching to the affair so much importance as you pretended to do, you should have closed the door even against remote possibilities. We must take it for granted, therefore, that you knew to a certainty that Mr. Brown needed no such prompting. That this was the case, may be further inferred, from the inordinate zeal you manifested for the continuance of his Senatorial services; for you scarcely had four days' view at the Capitol before you elected him for another term, whereas, if there was another thing you appeared to have in view, you intended to cast an obliquity on the political course of Judge Mangum, and contradicting him from that of Mr. Brown. It is, therefore, too plain that you intended to exhibit Judge Mangum before the public, because his high talents and unflinching firmness stood in the way of your party."

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ONE OF YOUR CONSTITUENTS.

Who is so Bank Man?

[See Western Carolinian.]

The Rowan County Temperance Society held a meeting in the Methodist Church, in this place, on Tuesday evening the 19th inst. The President being absent, the Chair was taken, and the meeting opened with prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Rothrock, of the Lutheran Church.

The following Resolutions were accompanied by appropriate and interesting addresses from those gentlemen who offered them.

By Gen. Cook: Resolved, that the Temperance Reform has an intimate connection with our civil and political welfare.

By Rev. Mr. McDonald: Resolved, that the Temperance cause claims and demands the cordial support and the prayer of Christians of every denomination.

By Rev. Mr. Sparrow: Resolved, that the hitherto unexampled success of the Temperance cause, affords good ground to expect its ultimate and entire success. These Resolutions being severally read and adopted, it was

Resolved, that the Rev. Messrs. Rothrock and McDonald, and Michael Brown, Esq., be a Committee to address a Card to each of the Physicians of this County, requesting of them, respectfully, a written opinion on the effects of ardent spirits upon the human constitution; to be laid before this Society at its annual meeting.

Resolved, that Mr. John C. Palmer, and Col. S. Lema, be a Committee to invite some gentleman to deliver an address before the Society at its annual meeting, and also to select some person to read the Declaration of Independence.

Resolved, that the Rev. Messrs. Rothrock, McDonald, and Sparrow, Gen. J. Cook, and Richmond M. Pearson, Esq., be a Committee to invite any gentleman at a distance, whom they may think favorable to the cause, to be present at the annual meeting.

The Constitution being read, and an opportunity given to sign the pledge, twenty-four persons handed in their names as new members.

On motion, Resolved, that the Editors of newspapers in this place be respectfully requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting.

The Society adjourned to hold its Annual meeting in the Presbyterian Church in this town, on Saturday, the 4th of July next, at 10 o'clock A. M., to which all the friends of the cause are respectfully invited.

The local Societies in the County are requested to send Delegates with a Report to the Annual meeting of this Society.

J. J. BLACKWOOD, Sec.

[FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.]

MEANS. EDITORS: I sometimes read the Van Buren "Standard," printed at Raleigh by Philo White, who used to be so much against Van Buren; and I scarcely see a number in which he does not express his great dislike to the word War: the very sound of it seems to discompose him all over. What is it owing to? Perhaps it arises from some hereditary dislike he has to the word. One thing is certain, no War of the Revolution had the most Warm blood than Philo White now does, and no doubt their dislikes are attributable to the same cause—that is, hatred for Whig principles. The principles avowed by the Whigs of 1776, and now by the Whigs of 1835, are precisely the same; and no doubt the principles of those who opposed the Whigs of '76, and those who oppose the Whigs of '35 are likewise the same.—Like will beget like. A WHIG.

From the National Intelligencer.

POLITICAL REGISTER, FOR 1835.

The following article is worthy of preservation for future reference.

UNITED STATES.

Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, President.

Martin Van Buren, of New-York, Vice President.

John Forsyth, of Georgia, Secretary of State.

Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, Sec'y. Treasury.

William L. Marcy, of New-York, Sec'y. War.

Mahlon Dickerson, of N. Jersey, Secretary of Navy.

Amos Kendall, of Kentucky, Postmaster-General.

R. B. Taylor, of New-York, Attorney General.

John Bell, of Tennessee, Speaker of the House.

Governors of the States.

Robert P. Dunlap, 1834.

Wm. Badger, 1835.

John Davis, 1836.

Wm. A. Palmer, 1837.

John B. Francis, 1838.

John Edwards, 1839.

Wm. L. Marcy, 1840.

Peter D. Vroom, 1841.

George Wolf, 1842.

Caleb B. Besset, 1843.

James Thomas, 1844.

Littleton W. Tuxwell, 1845.

David L. Swain, 1846.

George McDuffie, 1847.

Wilson Lumpkin, 1848.

Robert Lucas, 1849.

Kentucky, (acting) J. T. Morehead, 1850.

Indiana, Noah Noble, 1851.

Illinois, Joseph Duncan, 1852.

Missouri, David Dunklin, 1853.

Alabama, John Gayle, 1854.

Tennessee, Wm. Carroll, 1855.

Mississippi, H. G. Rounselle, 1856.

Louisiana, Edward D. White, 1857.

Governor's Salaries, &c.

The following tabular statement of the Governor's Salaries, the number of Senators and Representatives, and their pay per day, of each State in the Union, is taken from the American Almanac, for 1835.

Governors' Number Number Pay per day

Salaries. Senators. Rep.

Maine, 1500 25 189 62 00

N. Hampshire, 1200 12 237 2 00

Massachusetts, 850 60 40 2 00

Rhode Island, 400 10 74 1 50

Connecticut, 1100 21 208 2 00

Vermont, 400 20 230 1 50

New-York, 4000 32 123 3 00

New Jersey, 3000 11 80 3 00

Pennsylvania, 4000 33 100 3 00

Delaware, 1833 9 21 2 50

Maryland, 3500 15 80 4 00

Virginia, 3333 33 124 4 00

N. Carolina, 3000 61 134 3 00

S. Carolina, 3500 45 124 4 00

Georgia, 3000 60 115 4 00

Alabama, 2000 22 72 3 00

Mississippi, 2500 11 83 3 00

Louisiana, 700 17 60 4 00

Tennessee, 2000 20 60 4 00

Kentucky, 2000 38 100 3 00

Ohio, 1200 30 72 3 00

Indiana, 1000 30 72 3 00

Illinois, 1000 20 65 3 00

Missouri, 1500 18 60 3 00

Reigning Sovereigns of Europe.

Name. Title. Age.

Sweden, Charles XVI. King. 70

Russia, Nicholas I. Emperor. 38

Denmark, Frederick VI. King. 66

Great Britain, William IV. King. 69

Holland, William I. King. 62

Belgium, Leopold King. 44

Prussia, Fred. William III. King. 55

Saxony, Anthony King. 59

Brunswick, William Duke. 52

Nassau, Louis Duke. 42

Hesse-Homburg, Louis Duke. 64

Baden, Ch. Leopold Pr. Grand Duke. 40

Hesse-Cassel, William II. King. 63

Wurtemberg, William King. 63

Bavaria, Louis King. 46

Austria, Francis Emperor. 66

France, Louis Philippe King. 61

Switzerland, John

